

Whisper Your Weakness

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Summary: Rachel Grey is lost. She's torn between who she was in her past, and who she wants to be in the future. When she meets the billionaire Bruce Wayne her entire world changes. But Bruce has his own demons and will he be able to get past them and trust again. Sometimes the best medicine is to Whisper Your Weakness. Bruce X OC. Rated Mature for dark themes and sexual situations.

1. Chapter 1

****Hello everyone. Thank you for trying out my story. I plan for this to be very long like a novel, because that what I look for on these sights. My main character is OC but I will have some parts in Bruce's point of view. I am straying from comics, but I'm a huge DC fan so expect to see some character crossovers. Please review and tell me what you think!****

****I don't own Batman nor do I profit from my writing. Enjoy!

Chapter One

"Why did I think medical school was a good idea" Thought Rachel as she pulled the top half of the skull apart from her Cadaver. It's not that she was squeamish, she had seen plenty of dead bodies in the 27 years she's been alive. She just wasn't prepared for her exam. Though to be fair, she knew about it for well over a month. And being a third year medical student, with the prime focus being anatomy since she wanted to be a Forensic Pathologist, she knew her anatomy. But this exam required her to figure out the cause of death, and she could not determine the cause. She thought that by removing a portion of the skull she would see hemorrhaging, or death from pressure. The rest of the specimen looked to be in great shape, and there was no evidence of disease or injury's. But as soon as the brain came into view, once again there was no sign of any damage. It would be so easy

for Rachel to use her abilities and discover the answer, but she wanted to do this the right way.

"Dr. Emmet, I'm not able to determine cause of death from the dissection. I would like to run some tests to see if there is anything going on on a molecular level" Rachel said addressing her professor. Dr. Emmet was a handsome man. He was a walking cliché and made many of the female students nervous. Rachel didn't really care. She gave up on men and decided she was better off alone.

"Very good Rachel, you pass. You're the only student who didn't come up with a phony cause of death" Dr. Emmet said marking his clip board. Rachel breathed a huge sigh of relief. She hadn't studied in well over a week due to her extracurricular activities.

"So what is the cause of death?" she asked.

"You don't need to know. That portion of the exam is at the end of the year" he declared.

"I understand, but I'm just a little curious what kind of illness can leave a body in pristine condition" Rachel said.

"Trust me my dear, its best that you don't know. This body will be cremated later tonight. The Gotham hospital has been very generous in donating bodies to our program and were lucky to receive fresh bodies on a regular basis. We try and do what they ask of us" he explained.

Rachel cringed. One of the reasons she transferred to Gotham was because the medical university had a lot more freedom in research. Gotham would never run out of bodies, in fact the over whelming number of dead people was what made this program possible. And a good number of those people were from the lower class and could not afford a ceremony so they donated their bodies to science with the promise of the university paying for their cremation.

Rachel zipped up the body, and pulled her gloves off. She reeked of corpse.

"So there's no chance of you telling me how he died?" Rachel asked. She thought of reading his mind, but the last time she did she learned a lot of things she didn't want to know about him. One of them was that he touched himself thinking of her.

Dr. Emmet taped his lip with his pen and looked her up and down. Rachel felt a little offended and crossed her arms.

"Unfortunately it's classified Ms Grey. But perhaps if you go out for drinks with me I'll reconsider" he said giving her a perfect smile.

Rachel wanted to punch the smirk off his face. This wasn't the first time he had asked her out.

"Dr. Emmet, you and I both know students cannot date faculty. And I'm not interested in dating right now. I'm sorry" she said as she left the room. She could feel his eyes on her backside as she walked away.

As soon as she got into the locker room, she sat on the bench in front of her locker and let out a breath she didn't know she was holding. She had only been in Gotham city for a month and already it was beginning to eat away at her. The crime was just over whelming. She had to defend herself twice from other men. Though it was more like they had to defend themselves after she was finished with them.

Rachel changed out of her scrubs and into her jeans and T-shirt. She was not one for fashion.

She went over to the sink and pulled her hair free of the bun she had tied it in. She brushed out her long blonde hair and sighed as she saw the dark circles under her eyes. Green eyes stared back at her and once again she felt as though she was staring through her soul, or rather the lack there of.

Rachel could be very beautiful if she took the effort to dress nice and take care of herself. She was of average height, and thin but very fit. She took great care in exercise, and she ate right, most of the time. Years of training toned her body and made her a lethal weapon.

From the time she was 8 years old she trained under a master martial artist. She learned nearly every style of martial arts and could take down a full grown man by the time she was 12. But that wasn't the only thing she learned. She learned how to track, solve problems, lead a quad, and kill. Rachel killed for the first time when she was fourteen. It still haunts her dreams, that is when she sleeps. When she finally won her freedom when she turned 18. She ran away from her master, and that whole life style. She went to college and got her degree in Biology and Chemistry and now she was about to complete her third year of medical school. She was so close to achieving her dream.

All Rachel wanted was to help others that were helpless. People that had been murdered, who had left a family behind, people like her who murder has affected. At first she thought that following someone else's orders would allow her to save lives. But she learned that the opposite happened. He wanted her to take lives for him. The first time she killed for him was also the last. But being a medical examiner wasn't enough for her. The fighting lifestyle never truly left. It wasn't until about two years ago that she started prowling the roof tops and hunting down criminals. But that was in Chicago. Gotham was a whole other ball game. There were psychotics that inhabited the city. One of them scared her enough to put her costume away, and try to focus on helping others by becoming a doctor. But the itch had already started, and she knew it was just a matter of time now.

Rachel gathered her things from her locker and checked her phone. It was 4:30 pm. Her roommate Kate messaged her.

"Hey, how'd the test go? Wanna go to this art exhibit with me that the Wayne Foundation is sponsoring? There's free booze XD"

Rachel responded "I should study, but I guess a few hours wouldn't hurt." Rachel honestly had no interest in art, but if it distracted her from her true desires, then maybe it was a healthy decision.

As Rachel left the locker room she once again thought about the body she examined and how Dr. Emmet avoided telling her what happened to him. Something was off about that body. Perhaps later she could sneak into the lab and | no that was not a good idea.

"But it would be fun" she thought.

Instead of putting her ID card for the lab into her locker, she put it in her purse. Just in case she changed her mind.

"Damian, I told you to do your homework" Bruce shouted over the balcony. His son was currently seated on the floor an inch from the tv screen playing some kind of shooter game.

"I said I would if you let me go with you tonight" he shouted over the blaring TV. Bruce shook his head. Damian was like a copy of Bruce. Stubborn and always wanted his way.

Bruce walked over to the TV and turned it off.

"Hey! I worked hard on that!" Damian shouted. Bruce glared down at his son, and pointed towards his room.

"Go. Now" he commanded. Damian opened his mouth to argue but realized it was futile. All Bruce heard was the door slam as Damian did what he was told.

He would make it up to him at a later date. This event was not for kids, not that Damian was an ordinary kid. Trained assassin or not, he was still 10 years old and this event would have cameras and social media would have his face plastered all over the internet within the hour.

"Alfred, make sure he doesn't sneak out. I'll be back late" Bruce asked.

"Of course sir. Try and have some fun tonight. Perhaps meet a nice lady" he said sounding hopeful.

"I'm sworn off women Alfred. The mother of my child is a lying murderer, while the other constantly breaks the law and can't be trusted" Bruce said.

Alfred closed his eyes and sighed. Bruce was like a son to him. And his lonely existence ate away at him.

"Well try and enjoy yourself for once. At least you won't be beaten by Gotham's underbelly for one night. I've laid out a suit for you, which car will you be taking?" Alfred asked.

Bruce smirked, "I'll be taking the Rolls Royce" he said heading off towards his bedroom to change.

"Very good sir, I will swing the car around" Alfred said leaving to retrieve one of his 60 plus cars.

Bruce sighed. He was never into the whole servant thing, but Alfred was more than a servant.

As he passed his parents picture on his way to his quarters, he

couldn't help but feel their gaze on his back. Would his parents be proud of the man he was today? Or would they look at him with the same sadness that Alfred does?

"Kate hurry up in there. It's an art auction not a pageant, and were going to miss it" Rachel yelled from the living room. Unlike most people whose thoughts projected themselves to Rachel, Kate's persona was all Rachel could read. Instead of hearing words, she got feelings. That was one of the reasons why Rachel wanted to move in with Kate. She could focus around her, and her presence was always happy. Rachel didn't like being in everyone's business all the time, and this was why she could actually have a relationship with Kate.

Their apartment was small, but Kate did a good job decorating it. She and Kate shared the single bedroom and the bathroom. Their kitchen was the size of a van, and their living room was big enough for one couch, a coffee table, and a TV. But this was home for Rachel. Way better then the mansion she lived in with her master. In fact Rachel didn't have many material possessions and she hated shopping. She had two dresses to her name and enough outfits to get through a week and a half before she did laundry. Her costume for her nighttime activities was made from a woman Rachel found online who made cosplay outfits.

When Kate finally opened the bathroom door a wave of perfume flooded the entire apartment. Rachel's eyes widened at the scene in front of her. Kate wore a sparkly blue strapless dress, and her platinum blonde hair was curled into perfect ringlets. Her makeup was flawless along with the rest of her. Kate took one look at Rachel and winced.

"You're wearing that?" she asked looking her up and down.

Rachel had on a pair of black dress pants, and a plain blue button up blouse. Her hair was loose, but brushed, and she never wore makeup.

"What's wrong with this? Were just looking at art right?" Rachel asked.

Kate shook her head at her clueless roommate.

"Everyone who is someone is going to be at this art auction. Some of these pieces are being sold for well over \$300,000!" she exclaimed.

"So, who do I need to impress? And besides and I don't anything fancy to wear" Rachel explained.

Kate thought for a second and ran into the room. When she returned she held something Purple.

"Purple is definitely your color" she said throwing the dress at her.

Before Rachel could protest, Kate ushered her into the bathroom to change.

Kate waited passionately on the couch. The door clicked open and she

couldn't hold back her smile.

Rachel emerged wearing her one shoulder strap purple gown. Her leg was slightly showing from the slit in the gown, and the thousands of tiny sparkles shown like twinkling stars.

"You look amazing! Now all we need to do is fix your hair and do your eyes" Kaye said obviously excited.

"You can do my hair but no makeup. It makes my eyes water" Rachel warned. Kate ignored her warning and went to fixing her hair. She ended up putting her hair up with braids that rapped around her head.

"Your hair is so pretty. You should style it more. At least let me put some lip stick on you" Kate said lightly applying some red lip stick.

"There, now you look like one of Gotham's finest young bachelorettes. Who knows, maybe Bruce Wayne will ask you to dance" she said winking. Rachel didn't know who Bruce Wayne was and she didn't care. The only thing she cared about that moment was her outfit that was stashed in a box under her bed. It was calling her name.

"One last thing. You can't wear those hobo boots. I think were the same size. You can wear my black heels in the closet" she said scowling at my shoes.

"No way am I wearing those hooker shoes. I can't run in them" Rachel complained.

"Why on earth would you need to run at a party" Kate asked confused.

Plenty of reasons Rachel thought. She could get attacked, or maybe she needed to chase someone down. Six inch heels complicate things.

"No Kate, besides this dress is long I doubt anyone would notice" she said.

"Ugh fine, but if I attract Bruce Wayne you better make yourself scarce" she said winking.

"Whatever, let's get this over with. I need to study later and I want to catch up on Walking Dead" Rachel said.

Kate rolled her eyes at her socially awkward friend and grabbed her wrist and pulled her out the door.

****What did you guys think of Rachel? Her background is still a mystery and I will reveal it little by little. So far I'm trying to get Bruce to be in character, but I've been out of practice writing so bear with me. College papers have killed some of my writing so I'm trying to practice and get it back.****

2. Chapter 2

Chapter Two

The cab dropped Kate and Rachel off a block away from the Gotham Art Museum. For once Rachel was glad she didn't own a car because there was nowhere left to park.

Rachel walked as fast as Kate's heels allowed them. Gotham in March was not a pleasant time and she was starting to wish she wore a coat.

The strip leading up to the museum was lit up with flashing lights, and news vans were parked outside. There was a giant crowd outside of the building and a red carpet was rolled down the steps. Rachel turned on her heels and glared at Kate.

"No way" was all she said. Kate sighed and put her hand on her hips.

"Please Rachel. I promise it'll be fun. And besides, they would be crazy to turn us away" she said proudly.

"You mean to say you don't even have tickets! Kate this is crazy. There's celebrities at this event. There is no way in hell we're getting in" Rachel explained.

Kate's hopeful look turned to pouting.

"Can we at least try? That's why I dressed us up like this. Maybe then we'll stand a chance" Kate asked jutting out her lower lip.

Rachel was not one to give into childish antics. If anything she agreed to go just because she didn't want to listen to Kate bitch all the way home.

"Fine, but if we're turned away that's the end of this charade. Ok?" Rachel asked.

Kate squealed with excitement and grabbed Rachel's wrist.

Rachel liked seeing Kate happy. She was the sort of person who put herself through pain to make others happy. Rachel thought "maybe I'll actually enjoy myself in there."

Her positive thoughts however were silenced the moment they got close enough to the crowds. Rachel let out a muffled yelp and grabbed her head in immense pain.

Hundreds of shouting voices filled her head. It was a giant cluster of speech, feelings, and pictures. Kate stopped in her tracks and instantly became worried when she saw Rachel's face.

"Oh no, is it one of your headaches?" asked Kate.

All Rachel could do was nod.

"Just get me in there and to the closest bar" Rachel said.

Kate nodded and they began to push their way through the crowd. They managed to make it into a single file line, and it was clear that all of these people were from the wealthiest families of Gotham. The

women were dripping in diamonds, and wore fur coats, and dresses that probably cost more than her college tuition. Not that Rachel cared. She once had this lifestyle, and the missions she carried out made her a lot of money. She would rather live in shoebox and be free than be rich and bend to someone else's will.

Kate looked like she was on crack. Her eyes were absorbing everything and everyone. Not that Kate was greedy, but Rachel knew she wanted this lifestyle. A life of comfort and spotlight. As long as she stayed genuine and it didn't change her Rachel hoped she got what she wanted. Finally they made it to the door man. This was it.

Passes Lady's he asked smiling at both of them.

"You know what, we forgot our passes in the limo, do you think we can just forget about them" Kate asked obviously flirting with him. Rachel's stomach dropped. This was becoming ever more uncomfortable for her.

"Sorry, no passes, no entry. No kindly step aside" he said losing his smile.

Kate began to look panicked. Rachel sighed and stepped in front of her friend.

She looked deep into the guards brown eyes and when she felt the connection, she thought "You two ladies may pass, and you look amazing tonight." She released him.

The guards face went blank and said "You two lades may pass, and you look amazing tonight."

Kate grabbed Rachel's wrist and hurried through the doors before he changed his mind.

"I can't believe that worked! I thought for sure we wouldn't get in. Are you ok?" Kate asked.

Rachel's head was pounding. The noise from being this close to so many people was still affecting her. She was surprised she could even use her abilities with all the cacophony

"Yeah I'm fine, I just need a drink I all. You go and look around, I'm going to use the bathroom and get us some drinks" Rachel said.

Kate looked a little worried but with reassurance form Rachel she scampered off to talk to look at the art pieces that were for sale and most likely try and talk to rich handsome men.

Keeping a mental link with Kate Rachel rushed to the nearest bar and ordered a double whiskey and coke. She tossed back the whole drink and ordered another. The bartender surprising didn't look shocked, but she guessed plenty of rich people had their own problems.

With a slight buzz Rachel began to calm down. For some reason alcohol always suppressed her abilities.

Now that she was able to relax, Rachel set out to look for Kate.

She found her talking to a young man who was looking at a sculpture. He was extremely well dressed and too young for Kate, but it was still funny watching her try.

"Enjoying the view" asked a deep voice from behind Rachel.

She spun around to face a tall very well dressed man. As their eyes met, Deep blue meeting Bright Green, a shiver went through her entire body. His face was perfectly sculpted, though she thought she noticed a slight scar on his right eye brow. His broad shoulders made her feel small, and oddly intimidated. His ebony hair was well kept, and she bet it smelled just as good as he did. Rachel took a step back, for his presence was menacing as well as intoxicating. But what troubled her the most was she didn't feel him approach her. In fact, she couldn't feel his presence at all.

He continued to look at her, and that's when she remembered he had asked her a question.

"I'm just watching my friend trying to hit on a guy that is clearly too young for her" she explained. Good, she was still able to speak.

He smirked and leaned in close. Yep, his hair smelled just as good.

"That young man there is my ward. He just turned 21" The man said. Rachel sighed, and thought that she should probably go save Kate before she embarrassed herself. Besides, whoever this guy was, his mental guards were impressive. It made her nervous.

She was about to go through with her escape plan when addressed her again.

"What is your name" he asked. Rachel faced him once more, and when their eyes met she looked away immediately. Without meeting his gaze she said "Rachel."

"No last name?" he said sarcastically.

"Not that I plan to share" she said glaring at him. He looked perplexed, and for a split second his demeanor changed. Before he was smiling and acting cocky, but now there was something else. Something that looked familiar, but she couldn't pin point it. Then curiosity got the best of her.

"What's your name" she asked him. Rachel never cared enough to speak with men. They were all the same, and typically bored her. But this one was different. For once she could not tell what he was thinking. She actually had to dig for information for the first time in her life. Perhaps she did drink too much.

"You mean to say you don't know who I am? Where are you from?" he asked suddenly looking very interested in her. Her personal bubble was starting to get a little too small for comfort.

"I believe I asked you a question" she said ignoring him.

"Bruce" he said obviously annoyed. Rachel could tell he was clenching his teeth by the way his name left his lips.

"Last name" she asked.

He smirked once more and said "not that I'm willing to share."

Rachel knew her face was turning red. Not out of embarrassment, but because this Bruce guy seriously pissed her off. Was he messing with her?

She turned to walk away from him when he reached out and grasped her wrist gently. When their skin touched her breath once again escaped her. Men did not grab her. Ever. But this one was. And she was letting him.

"Dance with me" he commanded. His chivalric demeanor was now gone. Now he looked serious, and at that moment Rachel knew this was a man who always got what he wanted. Except this moment.

She pulled out of his grasp and put some distance between their bodies. She couldn't think with him so close.

"I don't dance" and with that she walked over to Kate.

"Come on Kate. I need to get out of here, I had too much to drink" she lied.

"But Rachel I just started talking with Dick here" she winded.

"Kate. We're leaving. Now" she commanded opening up her mind and taking over hers. She ignored "Dick" and grabbed Kate's hand.

Without hesitation or a word Kate followed Rachel out of the museum and she called for a cab.

It wasn't until they were safely in the cab did Rachel release her.

"What the hell was that about? I was only talking to him. Do you even know who that was?" she shouted.

"No and I don't care. All I know is he's the 21 year old ward of that weirdo who wouldn't leave me alone" she said viciously.

"Wait what! You were talking to Bruce Wayne! Was he nice? How was he weird?" she asked in a super excited rush.

"Kate, I like you. Truly I do. But you need to calm down. That guy was drilling me with questions, and just gave me the chills" Rachel said.

"What kind of questions" Kate asked.

Now that Rachel thought of it, he really only asked her her name and where she was from. Maybe he wasn't being out of line. She knew it was because she couldn't read him. And that scared her.

"Just forget it. You're lucky I saved you from ending up in the paper

as a cougar. That boy was 21 Kate. He's six years younger than you" Rachel scolded.

"So. He was legal, and he was _fine_" she said winking. Rachel rolled her eyes at her friend. All she wanted right now was a hot bath, her PJ's and her bed. For once she didn't have a desire to prowl the roof tops. She had had enough for tonight. She hoped that she never saw Bruce Wayne again, whoever he was.

Bruce watched as the women scrambled over to her friend and basically ran out of the museum with her friend in tow. Dick watched them go and looked at Bruce with confusion. Bruce walked over to Dick with the intention of finding out as much information on that woman he could get.

"Who was her friend" Bruce asked.

"Her name is Kate Shabenaw. She's an English Graduate student at Gotham University" Dick told him.

"Did she mention her friend at all?" Bruce asked. Something about that woman was strange. And he didn't like it. He never felt so uncanny before. Not even with Selina. It was almost as if she was analyzing his every move. But then again, so was he.

"No. she was mainly questioning me about you. Even at party's I'm living in your shadow" he joked.

"They were certainly strange. The way she just listened to her friend even though moment before she was so adamant to stay" Dick said.

"What was her friend saying to you" Dick asked Bruce. Bruce shook his head.

"Nothing, she wouldn't even tell me her last name" he said.

When Bruce first saw her, he was planning on using her as his pretend side chick so that the media would follow his drunken playboy antics. She seemed perfect because he watched her guzzle two drinks in a matter of minutes. The media did love drunken women hanging on his arm.

But when he had approached her, he was shocked at how beautiful she was. Unlike the other women at the museum, she wasn't with a group of friends hung over wealthy men. She wasn't dressed in fine clothing, and she was certainly the only woman in the whole place who wasn't wearing heels.

She peaked his interest, and when he looked into her eyes, the pain he was feeling, the vengeance, didn't exist for a split second. He had never seen eyes like hers before. They were the same as his. Whoever this woman was, she too was in pain.

He had to know who she was. She didn't even know who he was which surprised him. He would find out who this mystery woman was. But then what?

"Let's go Dick. I have some work I need to take care of" he said.

"Whatever you say boss. This party is kinda stale anyway. Besides, I'm sure Damian is giving poor Alfred hell" Dick chuckled.

The two men grabbed their coats and motioned for his car to be driven up.

The whole way home, while Dick chatted, Bruce couldn't get those green eyes out of his head.

I hope you guys liked this chapter. I really wanted them to meet and have a lot of tension, but at the same time I don't want them to know who the other is. I am planning on Having Dick and Barbara together in here eventually as well. Please review, it gives me encouragement to keep writing!

End
file.